and a small general store. It was "local option" hereabouts then and they were disappointed in their quest of tanglefoot. They did find, however, upon an upper shelf of the store two dozen bottles of some fakir's hair renewer, waron an old billiard ball. This stuff was made of coconaut oil and alcohol, in the proportion of one part oil to nine parts of spirit. The oil had coagulated and formed a thick paste under the corks and below it the alcohol showed muddily. They knocked off the top of the bottles, these men of might, and drank the liquor, getting a fare combination of taste and effect. They wrecked the black similar shop immediately and then walked all of the way back to their camps, having forgotted their horses, but none of them ded.

All winter long there are from fifty to one hundred of these fellows on the lake. Buffalo liayou, a stream navigable for small boals, runs from flouston to the Guif, passing within a quarter-mile, and each day a small tug goes up and down, stopping for the game simplents. At Houston the birds are expressed to northern cities. While the hunters are separated into gangs of four of five and hold little communion with one another, they form a close corporation and are banded against outsiders. Gentlemen guaners who go to White Duck Lake are in for a hard time, unless their party is so large that it may set emiss at deflance—say not less than ten men.

the hunters are separated into gangs of four or five and hold little communion with one another, they form a close corporation and are banded against outsiders. Gentlemen gunners who go to White Duck Lake are in for a hard time, unless their party is so large that it may set enemies at deflance—say not less than ten men, determined to fight their way to sport if necessary. Members of any smaller company will find their decoys stolen or destroyed, their boats stoye in at night, scarcerows fixed in their favorite shooting waters and gans going off at unexpected night hours about their camp. If they resist, or attempt to protect themselves, or remonstrate, or do anything except get up and get, they run sary. Members of any smaller company will find their decoys stolen or desiroyed, their boats stove in at might, scarecrows liked in their favorite shooting waters and gainsgoing off at unexpected might hours about their camp. If they resist, or attempt to protect themselves, or remonstrate, or do anything except get up and get, they run an excellent chance to be picking small shot out of themselves for six months afterward. Affrays have been many in the past and more than one fatality has resulted, but of late years things have run more smoothly. This is not due to efforts of the officers, who have paid no attention at all to the lawlessness of the professionals, but to the fact that amateur shooters have given up the lake as too difficult a proposition and new go elsewhere for their game. A market hunter who has shot for one season over this water imagines that the fact of the case in perpetuity of all this part of Texas and stands constantly ready to defend his tutle. According to Mr. Kipling, there is never a law of God or man runs north of latitude fifty-three, and he might put White Duck Lake on the list.

Texas is one of the few States which has no game statute worthy of the name. It has a provision prescribing the time within which qualis and one of two other species may be shot, but that is all. Anybody can cross the frontier and shoot what.

This was an afterthought, They did not know what Duck Lake on the list.

Texas is one of the few States which has no game statute worthy of the name. It has a provision prescribing the time within which qualis and one of two other species may be shot, but that is all Anybody can cross the frontier and shoot without a license. There is no restriction upon the number of birds a man may kill in a day, or in a season, and no restriction upon the shipment of game out. Anybody can cross the frontier and shoot without a license. There is no restriction upon the number of birds a man may kill in a day, or in a season, and no restriction upon the shipment of game out of the State. This makes things easy for the professional fowler, and at certain times of the year he has more money than he knows what to do with that he was more money than he knows what to do with the season number of market hunters, who arrive in September and go north in March. This business kept up for a lew years will result in the ducks, gress, lackship and woodcock seeking another wirer home. It must be understood, however, that the immigrants do not go to White Duck Lake. That preserve is kept for those who have been here before and established the right of priority.

Any North-mer who lacks interest in life and believes that the world holds nothing worth white, need not select the landanum route for his set out his decoys and turn loose his double barted. Three days after, having treated with baughty sworn all representations that he ought to serie somewhere else, he will be moving in the direction of Houston with celerity. He will have found something worth living for and will be much interested, indeed. That night, in the seclusion of his bedchamber in a steam heated hode, he election and live made the properties and the rear part of him is inflamed and liberally pined. The experience is a cure for melanchoids and the suicadal tendency. In this respon an active man can easily dogstor the disance between savagery and circlifaction.

y. In this region an active man can easily tot the distance between savagery and As there is practically no Texas law regulating As there is practically no Texas law regulating the slaughter of game, so there is no statute prescribing with strictness the manner in which game may be killed. Therefore, the "sink-box" blind, now a rebe in analy other commonwealths, is still used here, and it is the only binding place common on White Duck Lake. The "sink box" in favor is an troit ank, long crough and deep enough to held a man with confort and sink in the water until its edge is not more than four inches above the surface. It is placed far out from land, tied to the borrom. It sanctimes becomes filled with the dashings of the waves, but the man in its safe enough. If ship glock is not likely to see it, perticularly if he is travelling at top speed, and it is a very decally contrivance when surrounded by tarry or firity carvas-back decays. The man enters it at daylical, being rowed out by a compant on, who rearns for him after sunset. The dead ducks he about on the water all day frequently being blown a quarter of a mile away, but there is no current in the lake and larde difficultive is experienced in recavering them all. Into tuffeatently happens that the result of the day's shoot is so large that the little boarts almost sunsk by the combined weight of the men guns shells and canvassbacks. Norres of fifty and sixy birds are often made by one man in a bird of this kind, and there are sories of 150 baving fallen to a single gun. The angregate shaughter would be barger but for the fact that the canvas back is a cold weather duck. It is the larest of all wild fivers in recibing this fact that the canvas shauk by the combined weight of the men guns shells and canvassbacks. Norres of fifty and likely first in recibing the fact that the canvas shouls have a companion of the results of the misery brought by dirak, of the laws of self-defined and the fact that the canvas as a cold weather duck. It is the larest of all wild fivers in recibing the fact that the canvas as a cold weather duck. It is the larest of all wild fivers in recibing the fact tha the slaughter of game, so there is no statute pre-scribing with strictness the manner in which game may be killed. Therefore, the "sink-box" is a call, dark man, with quiet manners, in this voice, an eagle eye and a nose that like a scimeter. He is a "horse man" on the like is a "horse man" on the year. That is, he owned a g" of racers some of them slow, and others and housed backers to like tracks with the drugs and medicines in the world. This was but developing the minds of his hearers curves flac a scimety. He is a "horse man nine months in the year. That is, he owned a a "string" of racers some of them slow, and others slower, and he used to effect the little tracks most of them "outlawed," which abound in Illinois, Indiana and marby Stares. When the lee locked up everything and his steeds went into winer quarters where they "cat their heads off," he squarters he he he cat the drugs and medicines in the world. In say by the drugs and medicines in the world. In say by the drugs and medicines in the world. In say by the drugs and medicines in the world. In say by the drugs and medicines in the world. In say by the drugs and medicines in the world. In say by the drugs and medicines in the world. In say by the drugs and medicines in the world. In say by the drugs and medicines in the world. In say by the drugs and medicines in the world. In say by the drugs and medicines in the world. In say by the drugs and medicines in the world. In say by the drugs and medicines in the world. In say by the drugs and medicines in the world. In say by the drugs and medicines in the world. In say by the drugs and medicines in the drugs as by the drugs and medicines in the drugs and medicines in the drugs and medicines in the drugs and medicines had a slight coli than because of any gravet reason. Martin decided to quit the northern tracks in the late full and make a winer campaign in Texas. He knew not what he did, but he knows now. The Lone Star circuit usen comprised the cities of San Anorda Dellas, Houston, Fort Worth and Galveson. The indeed makes were Texans, the starters were Texans, the starters were Texans, the starters were Texans, the bookmakers were nearly all Texans, and the crowds were very Texan indeed. Martin knew up more about the borsh he was entering against than he knew about the seraglio of the Alacond of Swat, but he had \$5,000, and his nerve and he began his invasion calmly, as a brave man should.

Some of the "events" were half-mile dashes, some three-quarters and some a mile, but the distance of the dash appeared to make little difference.

in its result monstresities, apparently from the neighboring HE CURES THE BEWITCHED.

CLAN OF WHITE DUCK LAKE.

TEXAS NATIFES HAR ANY INTRUDER FROM SHOOTING HIBER.

Its Wild Celery Growth Attract the Canyashacks — Only One "Goutleder" Exe Known to Break Down the Barriand of the Native-Bill Martin's Vietry.

LA Pourte Tex, Jan 13 — In this part of the middle Guif cast of Texas, cut off from the say has barrier of land four miles wide, yet connected with sait water by a navigable arm, less white because of the awarms of canashacks which feed uson its wild edrey growth for the months in the year. It is selikum that as deep and wide and landsched a bady of ocean is found. It is not near any bown, me are there any house well and the open manner of its exposure to storms from the West Indies make it an undescrable place of residence. Since Indianels was extripated by a tornalo some years and. Texas have been chary about starting new towns within reach of the Guif winds. There is no telling at what moment a cutnor might find the rollers reashing through the street and bineself far out mon the howling waste withoutly arreceedsor' matters and them binate between time and the before of Poxy Jones. The folks down in Galveston, whose collects point it is proported to tax when been down in the street of the well of the cut would be a subject to the continue of the cut of the

and the bluff-bowed "Last Chance" drifted down the coast happily. Mariin's men were as rough a let as could be found in a summer day's march. They had been run off White Duck Lake the year before, and, when idd whither they were bound, grinned and said they were game.

The party teached the lake in three days, and came to anchor at the end near to which is Buffalo Bayou. It was so close that they could hear pinding the snorting of the little ing on its daily runs. The schooner was 300 yards out from land. The tanks were set, the decoys put out and work began. Each morning Martin rowed two of the men to their blinds and the negro cook rowed the other two. Meeting at the little ship, one boat was tied and the cook rowed Martin to a tank. All day the five men shot. An hour become tank. All day the five men shot. An hour be-fore sunset gathering the game was begun. I lasted often until after dark. On the second day

blank you until the belirings. This was an afterthought. They did not know he meant, but there was that in his dark face told them that he was strictly business.

martin drew list that said past of this lines and gave them each an honorarium, which he called by the shorter name of "lip". He had filled his New York contract, but the Chicago dealers of only 300 pairs. Anyhow, he took his "skates" ou of pawn, freighted them to Chicago and got back to the city, as he said "not more than \$500 be hind, and a whole lot of fun ahead."

s reich, and hearts, grown before him. His grown dizzy.

Everything is whirling now before him. His feet makes leave him. He is swooning. His feet him. He is off of the dome. He is in the air.

"WITCH DOCTOR" WHO DEALS

WITH ACTUAL CONDITIONS. Knows There Are No Such Things as Witches -People in Eastern Pennsylvania Be-

lieve in Them and This Man Stops Their Hysteria - Recent Remarkable Case. READING, Pa., Jan. 13 .- Another case of soalled witchery has just become known here. Probably it is the most unusual affair reported in several years in eastern Pennsylvania, but the "witch doctor" who effected the cure waves away

all inquirers, saying: "No, no; I want no notoriety. Please say nothing about it. I want no advertising. I have

enough to do-too much, in fact!" Coming so close upon the revelation made to the Berks County Medical Society through Dr. Bertolet's paper, this development throws all others in the shade. In the first place, the stalwart witch doctor says that he has nothing whatever to do with the many cases of so-called witchery referred to in the society's paper by Dr. Bertolet. The witch doctor says that putting canvas bags on the breasts of nervous or hysterical girls is the work of "small fry" fortune tellers, who get their hints from a modern "fake" book on witchcraft that is published in the West. The contents of this book, says the doctor, are made cup of claptrap recipes, having absolutely no connection with the "black art" books printed in Germany a century ago, many of which are still in existence in eastern Pennsylvania.

The century-old imported books are the real thing. They go so far as to tell people how to place spells on others to wither them up; how to paralyze and dwarf children; how to kill cattle of a neighbor without going near his farm; how to cause a well to run dry; in fact, how to ruin and annihilate by the sole aid of witchery. The modern or "fake" books, however, do not dare to venture that far, because the publication of such literature is certain to be punished severely. The witch doctor says he does not have anything to do with these "fake" books; nor with the genuine old German books of "hexarei," or witchcraft, but that he cures excited or nervous people by his strong magnetic powers; his knowledge of medical treatment. his experience in handling such cases, his advice as to treatment, and his strong mesmeric and mental control over weak minds.

The "witch dector," as he is publicly known, is of fine physique and excellent health. He is "strong as a horse," not given much to talk or pretence, but does a lot of thinking. He moves along in the world very quietly, with little to say. He has never courted notoriety. He has frequently requested the local newspapers to keep his name out of print in connection with the treatment and care of notorious cases of nervous excitement which some people call witchery.

Only the other day the doctor was called upon at midnight to come to the country, at least ten miles in the backwoods mountain district. A carriage was at the door. The night was cold. Only the stoutest and bravest would have ventured upon such a journey. But the doctor went. He is one of the most courageous of men. After a seventy-minute drive they came to a small loghouse. The man gave his name as Borter, a charcoal burner. On the way the doctor had learned of Botter's nineteen-year-old daughter and her remarkable hysteria. She was so violent that they had her locked in a garret. They were afraid she might freeze, although she had frequently shrieked she was burning up. When asked why, she said she must be let go, out into the world, to kill all the witches in the mountain. No matter where she went she saw old hags, taunting her and threatening to keep her from her lover. The girl said everything was poison, that her hair was turning into black snakes; and that every time a certain old woman stewed mountain tea the girl could smell it five miles, and then

When the witch doctor entered the house, the mother and little ones were in terror. The woman was neat and clean. The mother said her daughter, Abbie, had been afflicted about a menth, It began when they were getting ready for Christ mas and when she passed an old woman's hut on the road, coming from the nearest village, the old woman had fixed her gaze upon her and had given her a pear. She never ate the pear, but in terror threw it away, when she imagined it might be a charm of witcheraft to put a spell upon her; however, the girl was all white terrorized in the thought that she had accented a gift from the old woman's hands. Day by day the girl became worse, until now she acted like a raving maniac. Her mother told the doc tor all that the father had said.

the bewitched spell came upon her.

After the doctor was warmed at the kitchen stove he ate heartily of bread and butter and drank a bowl of hot coffee which the good wife had made while she was telling her story. The doctor saw that his hands were warm and his fingers pliant, and then said he was ready to see the patient. He refused a coal oil lamp for fear of accident, and took a lighted candle. Proceeding was no response. He knocked harder. Then the mother called out in German that the witch doctor had come to give her relief. They heard a stir on the inside as of one getting out of bec The door opened, and there in the dim light stood a finely formed girl wearing little clothing

The sufferer was weak and wet with perspi ration, having just passed through a most severe

"Oh, they were here; just here," said the girl. see the ugly old withered things pulling at my bedelothes. I screamed to them, threw the pillows and my shoes after the wretches, but they mocked me and kept putting spells on me. Oh doctor. I'm so glad you have come," and the gir. trembled in her terror. "I'hen," said the doctor to a friend afterward,

"I knew I had her safe in my control, and that I could assist her. I took her small hands in one of my big palms and, stroking her hair with the other. I said to her firmly that she was now safe at last. I passed my one hand over her face, over her shoulders and her body, and assured her that in two minutes the devilish witches would be driven back into the black holes they come from. I kept on stroking and assuring her. She gasped, then sighed, then relaxed her stiffness, and, finally, I felt her pulse becoming regular and, finally, I felt her pulse becoming regular and normal and I knew her temperature was failing, because she had some fever. The flushed appearance of her face disappeared; the strong stare of her eyes passed away, and she fell back into the arms of her mother, who was praying for her, and the girl seemed to be unloading a world of trouble and care. I lifted her back into the bed when her mother had slipped more clothing on her, covered her gently, lit the coal oil lamp, made the room is cheerful in the light as we could, and I ordered up some hot coffee. The father brought it. I put sugar into it, saying loud enough for the girl to hear.

"With this powder, any witch shall be killed who will dare ever again to try to put power upon this girl."

I made my movements specially mysterious, so that she could see. I wanted to impress her. Then I gave it to her to drink, saying: Drink this. It will drive away the witches forever. have a spell upon them.'
"I got both her eyes squarely and held them.

"I get both her eyes squarely and held them. She would have obeyed me had I told her to arise and go out into the snow without clothing. I handled her like a little child. Then she clung to me in gratitude. I rubbed her arms and lers and told her mother to wrap a wet towel about her where she had pain. It was a trying experience for her, but the wet towel soon steamed and I know it was doing its work. Next I bound her eyes with a wet towel, because they were so inflamed, and her head was still hot with much raving. We worked for two hours. Then I went down into the living room, and lay on a couch for an hour's sleep. It was then after 4 o'clock. One hour's sleep is enough. I must have it. The mother watched over her daughter. 4 o'clock. One hour's sleep is enough. I must have it. The mother watched over her daughter. She, too, so on slept while the mother watched and prayed and rejoiced.

She, too, so on slept while the mother watched and prayed and rejoiced.

Ineed not relate the few things I did before I left the girl. She intently watched me go to the windows and make a few movements with swinging arms. That was to keep away evil spirits I did the same at the door. It amounts to nothing, but had a wonderful effect on that noor girl's shattered nervous system. Then I told her it was all right, that she should never take anything again from that old woman or anyother strange old woman and with all the physical force I could summon I commanded the girl to consider herself beyond the reach of any evil spirit. She promised to be brave and good and strong in the morning and go downstairs as usual, never fearing any evil spirit; that I had fixed everything to guard and protect her. Soothing remedies were prescribed, such as bitter teas and proper diet, and, of course, the noor girl railied and is now well.

"She may, and in all probability does, think that she was bewitched. That's all right. It was the first symptoms of hysterical nervousness. Animal magnetism may have driven out all her troubles, real and imaginary. She had confidence in me; I went at her just if I thought she was bewitched; I pretended to believe as she believed;

I put my life into hers; or hers into mine; and by one powerful physical effort and strain I mentally commanded the girl's ailment to disappear, and I felt, as if by an electric shock, some strange current of magnetism passing from her weak body into mine, and out again, and her nervous affliction had been dominated and I knew that I was the master. You may call it what you please. A majority of people call it 'pexarie,' that is, ignorant people do. I let them go. They call me the witch doctor. I say nothing. But I know what I am. If I'd say I was not a witch doctor and say I didn't believe in such tomfoolery, mark how the poor sufferers would keep on suffering. They'd never send for me; but they'd be hurried off into some asylum. I believe hundreds of cases of nervous hysteria can be cured by strong men who have strong minds and who are filled with determination and who can use strong will power in influencing suffering weak creatures to throw off the horrible evils of a torrified imagination. "I might narrate hundreds of such cases. It is criminally wrong to imagine that every poor young girl from 16 to 20 years, who has wild

determination and who can use strong will power in influencing suffering weak creatures to throw off the horrible evils of a terrified imagination. "I might narrate hundreds of such cases. It is criminally wrong to imagine that every poor young girl from 16 to 20 years, who has wild imaginations and who raves and seems afflicted with seven devils, is crazy or stark mad. She wants some strong man with a will to take hold of her, make her believe she is teiling the truth in her ravings, and by securing her confidence and faith he can relieve and cure her and drive the witchery from her by animal magnetism. If she believes she is be witched, tell her she is bewitched, and if she says a certain old woman is the cause of it, agree with her, and then with all your mental force let her believe and know you are going to destroy that old woman and wipe her power from the face of the earth.

"I tell you this because so much has been said recently about the cheap tricks and workings of witch dectors. A good many of these people who praches witch cures are women or fortune tellers. They, however, are never called in in severe cases. These petity spell-sellers' peddle their magic charms with strange lettering and devices to ignorant people who have slight pains or imagine they are being haunted. Some may have lost the love of a deceitful man. Some may have lost the love of a deceitful man. Some may have lost the love of a deceitful man. Some may have lost the love of a deceitful man. Some imaginary enemy. Now all that is simply humbug. It is not only common here but everywhere where fortunetellers ply their traffic.

"It is where the desperate, alarming, violent cases of nervous hysteria come in, that all such petity tricks are in vain. The control and relief of violent mania whose basis is imaginary witchery is the work of strong men who by long practice know the weak house he will an extended to the little parts. Therefore there is no such thing as witcheralt. No one can make another's well run dry, or a cow to give blood

character—that is a different matter, and must not be classed with witchery.

Thave often quieted with case a strong woman wild in her raying that a half dozen men could not hold. Tears, sobs and convulsions, laughter I have quieted with a few strokes of the hand over the face and head. Patients and parents talked of witcheraft and spells. It was no such thing. I have killed or crippled several hundred such imaginary witches during the past five years, and thousands in my life. But I never said they were witches. The sufferers thought they were I let the victims have their own way. Then I get to work.

attent tells me, either. Hook them over, get their story, take hold of them and by strong will make them believe and know al solutely that they are going to get well because the power that made them sick I will destroy. Cold water is a wonder ful help. By bath, by dashing it into the face, or by wet towels, nothing is better. I once walked or by wet towels, nothing is better. I once walked a supposed lewitched girl seven miles around a high hill to pass the huts of three old women under suspicion of being witches. I knew they were not, but I did it because the girl imagined it must be done. What led her to believe she had been bewitched was the same old story. She had had a drink of water from a spring given by one of the of the good o d women on the readside. Then the

on the first mystic remedies were blood, human hearts, human fat, animal blood and fat. The tarer the blood the carer the healing virtue. Some of the old superstition still prevails. You know, that is this day, every man or woman is a doctor,

that to this day, every man or woman is a doctor; they know some cure. How many thousand educated men wear a charm about their necks, or carry it in their pockets. If they believe in it, and have faith, let them have it. There is nothing like humoring people. Thousands are taking bread joils in pointe society and think they are taking a drug. They are being humored, or rubbered just like a girt in the back woods who thinks she is under the speil of a witch, when she is not, but is treated for it, all the same. So you see these cases are not very far apart.

"I need not tell you what animal magnetism is. If I am strong enough to tan a patient, receive his ailment and take up his affliction into my own system, and am well enough to kill it, why the weak patient will be relieved, that's all. If my strong mind can deminate a weaker mind and make a sick one feel and know she is well, that's a'll right. I can't explain it any furtler. The patient has the faith and I control their imaginations."

"This so called "witch doctor" is known far and wide; has been practising for twenty years or more, and any one wishing to know where

shuttlecock with theatrical baggage; but I never really lost my temper and soured on my pro-fession until I began to strike these deformed wardrole trunks. They're the stubbornest de Reszke presented when in the second act he things you ever saw. They won't stand on sang "Reidu Ciel" and called on his army to follow one end, and they won't stand on either side, and they won't stand upside down, and they won't tet anything sit on top of them. You've got to apologize to them when you move them and ask them where they'd prefer being put down. They ought to have a private baggage car and a special engine when they decide to take a run over the road.

oad of baggage go to the bad and act like a mountain landslide. You see, there is a big hump on each side and on the top and on one end of the trunk. It swells out as if something inside were trying to escape. I couldn't see what it was made that way for at first; but I took an hour off one day and went dewntown and looked at the inside of one of the things. It was made like a wardrobe. Up in the end that were a hump the inside of one of the things. It was made like a wardrobe. Up in the end that wore a humpthat's the top, you know, there was a steel red that could be pulled out as long as the depth of the trunk. On this rod there were hangers—cont and trousers stretchers of wire for the men's trunk and waist and skirt stretchers for the women's trunk. At the hottom of the trunk there was a clamp that would eatch the hottoms of the clothes and hold them. At the top was another clamp that would push the hangers as tightly together on the rod as one wanted them.

"When you pack the trunk you put your clothes on the stretchers, let them hang as they would in a closet, fam the two clamps down tight and but in the tray. Then when you get to your holel, or wherever you are going to stay, you take out the tray, have the trunk set up on its flat end, lessen the clamps, pull out the rod, slide the hangers along it until the clothes harg lessely and there you are! Oh, they re a great thing.

"The man that sells them told me I could pack afteen suits in one, if I'd buy it. I told him I couldn't, but that it wouldn't be the trunk's fault. I asked him if he thought an able-bodied man could kick one of these humes in to the wardrobe and he said I needn't be afraid of that, that the curved frames would resist much more force than square frames and that nothing short of an axe would have any effect upon one of the things. I'm geing to buy an axe. I haven't been a haggage smasher for twenty-five years to be defied, at last, by any measly, stuck-up, opinionated wardrobe trunk."

IF YOU OWN REAL ESTATE. you are naturally interested in the condition of the market. THE SUN gives this each day in MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

There was never a time when the prospects for a season of opera in English seemed less favorable than at present. The question of language in the opera has been settled to a large extent at the Metropolitan during the past few seasons. The great works of the operatic reportoire are suns in the language in which they were written Wagner in German, Gounod in French, Verd in Italian - this is the rule to-day, and it is doubt ful if any more artistic result is possible. These operas translated into English might be compre ensible to some of the audience, aithough there singers enunciating their own language could deliver it with distinctness enough to make it important in what tongue they sing. Enuncia tion is in fact one of the points in which all Amer ican singers, except a few of the greatest, are very weak. The tanguage is not adapted to his recital last week. New York audiences do not concern themselves especially over the plots of operas, and the mere fact that the works were sung in English would not especially appear to them. Opera in English at the cheap-priced theatres has been profitable enough, but it is doubtful if it can be extended into anything like a permanent institution. In case the scheme is successfully organized, it is proposed to ask prices at the regular performances equal to those now demanded on Saturday nights by the Maurice Grau Opera. Company. It is extremely doubtful if the public would be willing to pay these prices for the kind of artists it would be invited to hear. They might be capable, but it is scarcely to be expected in view of the field from which it is intended to draw them that they will be superior to They might be capable, but it is scarcely to be expected in view of the field from which it is intended to draw them that they will be superior to the artists who appear at the Metropolitan at the Saturday evening performances. In "Il Trovatore." "Mignon," and "Lohengrin," for example, the casts have been good as a whole, but the audiences have not been very large. Even the public which buys the dickets at half the regular prices will crowd the theatre only when some of the more famous performers are to sing. "Lohengrin" was given this year in German, "Il Trovatore" in Italian and "Mignon" in French, their original languages. No higher standard could be imposed and no other operatic theatre in the world could have provided performances in this way. It is extremely doubtful if the mere circumstance that they were sung in English would have made them the least bit more interesting to the public. Opera in English certainly does not seem one of the things that New York stands in need of to day.

The attitude of local audiences toward new works has often been mentioned, but it is nevertheess interesting to observe its difference from that of all European cities. Here the new work does lot even draw one large audience, and two perormances are rarely attempted. In Europe exactly the opposite is the case. A novelty presented under the proper circumstances is certain o attract the public to hear it. Just how much t attracts people depends in a measure on the reputation of the composer and other circumstances of the performance. But the first audience s nearly certain to be a large one. The people may never return. The piece may disappear from right. But the interest in a novelty is always sufficient to draw one large audience. Here the public keeps away, and the large audience at the Metropolitan on Monday night was due rather to the appearance of Mmes. Sembrich and Calve than to any interest in "Don Pasquale." But as the performance advanced the delight of the audithe performance advanced the delight of the audi-ence was evident, and the evening ended in an enthusiasm which brought the singers before the curtain repeatedly. Although "Don Pasquale" is essentially an ensemble opera, with its duties about equally divided among the four characters, Mme. Sembrich has made no greater personal triumph than in this little opera of Donizetti's. For the first time she appeared here with blond hair, and her quaint seventeenth-century cos-tumes were beautiful in color and design. Her acting was exquisitely efferescent and spirited. tumes were beautiful in color and design. Her acting was exquisitely effervescent and spirited, and her voice never sounded fresher and loveller in quality. Her vocalization was, of course, beyond all praise. Such singing as hers is heard but rarely in a lifetime. The delight of the audience was manifested most genuinely in the sudden interest in the story. On every side were heard curious interpretations of the action, and the cornidors buzzed with mistaken accounts of the proceedings on the stage. It might have been more to the credit of the audience if these narrations had shown greater familiarity with the story of had shown greater familiarity with the story of Donizett's opera. As it was, they proved only that a New York operatic audience had been awakened to enthusiasm by an unfamiliar work.

The announcement that "Aida" is to be repeated this week, with Mme. Eames in the title role. may be accounted a victory for the American singer, who is thus enabled to hold possession of the role for another performance, and so far as this season is concerned, to derive about all the honor possible from participation in the performbe repeated, and then no doubt Mme. Nordica. who has been to all intents and purposes the only Aida of recent seasons, will be heard once more in the opera. But by that time all the glory to be got out of association with the performance will be exhausted. Mme. Nordica urged that, as the singer to whom Aida had fallen for several years, it was at least her right to sing in the second representation of the work, so long as the role had merely to hand it over to another singer in the company. Mme. Eames contended, on her side that to sing the role but once and then to have it given to another singer for the succeeding performance would work damage to her reputation. formance would work damage to her reputation. The two ladies urged their cases with some warmth. The programme for next Friday might is the sequel to this discussion. Interest may be added to the question of her repertoire and that of Mme. Eames, by the knowledge that Mme. Nordica is prepared to sing Siepinale. Mile. Calve is once more at work on Valentine, and may sing the part in French, although it is difficult to see how her voice could possibly be made to respond to the necessities of the role. The illness of Mile. Termina leaves the company without an exponent of the role in French. Mme. Nordica has never been willing to study the role in any other language than Italian. Mme. Sembrich, who has never yet learned that artists are usually appreciated in some matters ian. Mme. Sembrich, who has never yet learned that artists are usually appreciated in some matters here more in ratio to their pretensions than their "This so called "witch doctor" is known far and wide; has been practising for twenty years or mere, and any one wisting to know where the witch doctor lives can be directed to his home.

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of "Le Prophete" given at the Metropolitan Opera House can fail to recall the beautiful sight Jean him, M. Alvarez is not what might be called a handsome man but he has never looked so well here as he did on Wednesday evening. "Le Prophete" never seems to pass off with any degree of brittlancy, however, and all performances of recent years at the Metropolitan have met with disaster in one phase or another. Last year Mme. Lehmann attempted Berthe and her success with the role of an eighteen-year-old girl may be imagined. Last week Miss Suzanne Adams was much more capable of suggesting the helpless maiden, although that same quality communicated itself to much to her general performance for the best resuits. Her voice sounded tired. Mme Schumannfieink sang "Ah Mon Fits" admirably and her dramatic intensity throughout the entire operagave the performance nearly all the enthusiasm and vitality that it possessed. It was unfortunate that her singing so frequently displayed a loss of all perception of the difference between mere vigor and the real art of song. Mme. Schumann-Heink is not often guilty of such lapses. The opera is to be repeated and then her familiarity opera is to be repeated and then her familiarity with the French text will in all probability be sufficient to enable her to combine artistically her beautiful voice, dramatic temperament and usual control of good singing. "Le Frophete" is not to be included among the operas popular here. Its occasional revivals awaken no great general interest, but the regular opera goers welcome them as a relief from merely "Les Huguenots." It might be interesting to hear "Robert le Diable," which, if properly given and with some special attention to the ballet, might prove a profitable variant of the customary Meyerbeer allowance Ittakes only such a work as "Le Prophete" to show the poverty of spectacular means at the Metrovillan. It takes only such a work as "Le Prophete" to show the poverty of spectacular means at the Metropelitan. For only a few works such as "Faust" and "Romeo et Juliette" is it possible to provide a satisfactory spectacle, even when that is not exacting. In such works as Meyerbeer wrote, it is impossible even to provide scenery that will be even fairly satisfactory. The popularity of operas in New York is not always easy to understand. The public has never cared for Verdi's beautiful "Aida," for instance, and the work has always been received in the same fashion in London. It is to the fact that the hercine and her father are Bthiopians that this indifference is attributed. In neither of these two cities is it possible to interest the public in them, either as

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sentimental or picturesque figures. Emma Eames, in order to remove this objection as nearly as possible, tints her skin very lightly and suggests the Ethiopian but shightly. Sig. Scotti, on the other hand, looked as black as Sig. Tamagno used to as Otello.

day. It is thought that M. Capoul will be selected to fill the vacancy.

Mme. Melba has been in Herlin, where her singing of the mad scene from "Lucia di Lammermoor" was highly praised. She also appeared

All the grand opera in New York will not be confined to the Metropolitan Opera House. "Der Troubador" is to be sung to-morrow night at the Germania Theater by Julius Perotti, David Cantoni, Ida Klein and Fanny Moran-Olden. The performance will be repeated during the week and other operas will be given later. If Mme. Moran Olden lets out all the voice she formerly possessed and Herr Perotti still displays his top notes in "Li Quella Pira." the little theatre in Eighth street will bulge with sound. The house has had various uses, but was never before dedicated to grand opera. Fritz Frederichs, who has just arrived to join the Maurice Grau Opera Company, has for some years sung only three roles in opera. These are Beckmesser, in which he has been frequently heard at Bayreuth, Alberich and Falstaff in Nikolai's "Die Lustigen Weiber von Windsor," which is soon to be sung at the Metropolitan. Herr Frederichs began life on the stage as a comedian and in 1884 decided to become an operatic actor. He appeared first in Bremen under Anten Seidl's direction. He sang Beckmesser first at Bayreuth in 1888 and since that time he has been famous in the role. In 1896 he reappeared at the Wagner festival performances, after a long illness. His repertoire has prevented him from remaining a regular member of any operatic company in Germany, so he travels about from one city to another, appearing in the three roles in which he is famous. Mr. Grau has also engaged Victor Ocellier, a French baritone who recently arrived from Havana, where he has been singing with the Nicosias Opera Company He will first be heard in "Romeo et Juliette." One of the populasingers of the company failed to appear last week and her place was taken by a less famous understudy. Under the new rule that part of the audience which had bought tickets at the box office could recover the money paid. Only \$20 was given back. To be sure it was a Wagner opera and other prima donnas were in the cast. When a popular basso withdrew at a matinee performance the other day, and the opera was also one of Wagner's, much more money was returned. On Wednesday evening three Brinnshides were clustered in one box. They were Mmes Ternina, Nordica and Gadsid, all erlying "Le Prophete," or at least looking and applauding as if they were. Mme Sembrich is to have the assistance of David Hispham at her Boston concert. She will be heard in "Il Re Pastore," agroup of songs by Schumann and Schubert, and "Ah, forse hui," from "La Travista." Miss Suzanne Adams recently went over to Boston and gave a concert for the buneft of her old friends. Leo Stern, her husband, accompanied her. The French singers in New Orleans have presented several new operas this year. "Salammbo" is shortly to be given. Victor Capoul has saled for Paris to consult with M. Galihard, who died the other co-director with M. Galihard, who died the other study. Under the new rule that part of the

moor" was highly praised. She also appeared as Gilda and Violetta, and proof was found in these two performances that the concert stage, rather than the opera, was her field. The public interest in the performances was slight. So Mme. Melha is to make an effort to win the Berlin public by appearing in concert under Arthur Nikisch's direction. "Siegfried" has just been sung with great success at La Scala in Milan, where only a few years ago "Goetterdaemmerung" was hissed from the stage. In Venice the operatic season opened with "Die Meistersinger," haeuser" was sung at the San Carlo in Naples, and at the Costanze in Rome the opening performance was devoted to "Lohengrin." In Florence the same opera would have been given had the singers proved equal to it. But they were found to be wholly incompetent at the last moment and another work had to be substituted. Rosa Ettinger, the young colatur soprano who is to return to this country within a short time, was married to Mr. Braun, a son of Marie Brema, in Berlin last month. He is a bass, and has been studying for some time in Germany. Miss Ettinger comes from the West. Leoncavallo's "Zaza" will in all probability be sung first in Rome. Charles Lamoureux, who died recently in Paris, was enabled to continue his Wagner propaganda in France large ly through his wife's means. She is the owner of ly through his wife's means. She is the owner of a highly popular tooth paste business, which she inherited from her father. His concerts, which were undertaken three years ago by his son-in-law, had never been very profitable. Paul Moller, a Swedish organist who had been for seventy-two years in one employment, died the other day at the age of 91. He had never missed a day's work or taken a vacation. The place had been held for 200 years by members of his family. Joseph Sucher has been succeeded at the Berlin Opera House by Bruno Walter, formerly of Riga. Franz Schalk has left that theatre for Vienna, where he takes the place left vacant by the death of Herman Fuchs. He says that he for Vienna, where he takes the place left vacant by the death of Herman Fuchs. He says that he will come back to the United States so soon as anybody offers to engage him. There are a good many European musicians besides Herr Schalk in precisely the same state of mind. Pietro Mascagni and the administration of the Conservatory at Pesaro are out on account of the Italian's tour in Germany. It is said that Mascagni's retitement may be the result of the disagreement.

From the Catho ic Standard and Times Nell-Mad at him? Why he wrote a lovely poem to her.

Belle—Yes, but she never read it. When she saw the title of it she tore the whole thing up in a fit of anger. You see he called it "Lines on Mabel's Face."

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